Self-respect governs morality; respect for

There exists no cure for a heart wounded

with a sword of reparation.-Hitopadesa,

man can be found in Shakespeare's plays. Goethe.

which seems most monstrous. - Boileau.

man has his own.-Chateaubriand

to shake them. -Shakespeare.

to thee .- Michaelly.

ent -Helen Hunt.

ideals.- Epes Sargent.

that much desires. - Daniel.

than prejudice - Diderot,

man .- Talmud.

Joubett.

other. Gladstone,

chief. Shakespeare.

-H. W. Shaw.

Hugo.

-Carlyle.

Some men weave their sophistry until their

It is with sorrows as with countries, each

Heaven should be kind to stupid people,

Few men in public affairs act from a

A falling drop at last will cave a stone .-

The purse of the patient often protracts

That poets have not always practiced

what they have preached only shows how

hard it is for a man to act up to his best

Politics, as a trade, finds most and leaves nearly all dishonest -Abraham Lincoln.

He is not poor that hath little, but he

He prayeth best who loveth best all

Ignorance is less remote from the truth

hings, both great and small.-Coleridge.

important as the matter. - Chesterfield

When a thief has no opportuninty for

man, so is order to all things.-Southey.

vanish from your view.-Bulwer-Lytton.

Nothing does so much honor to a woman as her patience, and nothing does her so

little as the patience of her husband -

Few persons live to-day, but are prepar-

Vanity and pride sustain so close an al-liance as to be often mistaken for each

Each present joy of sorrow seems the

Sacrifice to the mob; sacrifice to that un-fortunate, disinherited, vanquished, vaga-bond, shoreless, famished, repudiated, de-

spairing mob; sacrifice to it, if it must be, thy repose, thy fortune, thy joy, thy coun-

try, thy liberty, thy life. The mob is the human race is misery. The mob is the mournful beginning of the people. The mob

erything but justice. Receive its companied, listen to it, touching its faults and touching the faults of others; hear its confession and its accusation. Give it thy ear, thy hand, thy arm, thy heart. Do everything for it

school of honesty, make it spell truth, show

it the alphabet of reason, teach it to read

GREAT DISASTER.

A GENTLEMAN invited some friends to dinner, and as the colored servant entered

the room he accidentally dropped a platter

most impressive tone, "never in my life have I witnessed an event so fraught with

KIPLING AND BARRIE.

HARRY THURSTON PECK, after review-

ing the literature of the past ten years in Ainslee's, decides that Kipling and

will survive. He says: "Above all this mass of mediocrity there rises before the mind the figure of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who alone of the writers of the past ten years has given to

and vigor, his freehand treatment of his

subjects, even the careless audacity of his

sidencee in his literary manner, have made

him quite unique; and in his Jungle Books there is found a wealth of creative imag-

ination and a penetration into the myste

cannot be paralleled in the literature of any people. If any other novelist of the past ten years has written anything in English that will endure, it is perhaps Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose command of the pathetic is

something more than a mere literary trick

and suggests the possession of that intui-tive genius which goes unerringly to the

very source of both tears and laughter. Yet

only; for in his novels, if they can be

Mr. Barrie will probably be remembered by one or two of his productions at the most; just as I myself believe that Stevenson in

the end will live through the one short tou: de force which he himself at last came to detest—the story of 'Doctor Jekyll and Mr.

Hyde, which cannot possibly be forgotten, because it has given to our language an allegorical mode of representing the ethical

duality of man."

ries of what is primitive and primeva

thing that verges upon im-

in Ainslee's, decides that Kipling Barrie are the only writers whose

which held a turkey.
"My friends," said the gentleman, in

disaster in the various nations of the In this calamity we see the downfall of Turkey, the uppsetting of Greece, the de-struction of China and the humiliation of

Africa."-Exchange.

struct it, guide it, train it. Put it to

ing to do so to-morrew. Diderot.

for no one else can be consistently-Balzac

own reason is in danger -Doctor Johnson.

others governa our behavior. Segur

our own.-J. Petit-Senn.

## OGRADHY

· JOHN RUSKIN.

Extracts From "A Brief Outline of His Life and Opinions."

By M. H. Spielmann of H. tappinesti Company, Philade phiab. JOHN RUSKIN was born in London on February 8, 1819. His father was a Scots-man. John Ruskin, the son, was an only child, and for several years he was entirely without companions of his own age, with hardly an amusement or bayish Joy, save such few as were allowed him by his anstere mother and ansterer aunt, and "accustomed to no other prospect than that of the brick walls over the way." Always an extremely sensitive and nervous child. he became studious, thoughtful and obpervant, but lively and impressionable within so that when the "hirst event of his life "nock place no less an occasion than being taken by his emmently disagreeable harse to the brow of Frint Craig, or Derwentwater the Intense joy and awe he felt sank so deeply fold his soul that the love of landscape became henceforth and for always his prevailing passion. In the conduct of his business Mr. Ruskin, Sr., was constrained to drive throughout the length and breadth of England, traveling with post-bales and pair, and as seen as his son was old enough he carried him with him during the holi-days. leve of scenery and of art was first nur-pred and developed. He had already be-tun, at the age of 8, to sing the praises of landscape in precessions verse, and his lather encouraged his passion by placing him for instruction under J. D. Harding

It was in 1821, at the sec of 16, that Hus It was in 1821, at the see of 15, that Rus-kin made his first appearance in the pub-lic press by contributing a series of geo-logical articles, with illustrations by him-self, to the Managine of Natural History. Later on, under the feedback of "Kata Phusin" ("According to Natura"), he print-ed other papers on "Art and Architecture". In London's Architectural Magazine. \* \* \* In later years be excused the audonymity be had transcribed in the first bar deal. he had preserved in respect to it by idead-ing that the public would be say have felt inclined to accent such frank dogmatism from one so young. When I reminded Mr. Burne-Jones of this candid excuse, the artist replied with smiling curprise: "When, then, should one by dogmatic if not at the age of 18."

and Copley Fletding.

Having entered Christ Church, Oxford, as having entered thirst charm, extern, as gentleman commoner, by began at once his friendship with his contemporary, Doctor Henry Ruckland From Doctor Buckland be acquired that profound geological knowledge which his always been one of the main-tays of Ruskin's writings on Ar 80.4 of Ruskin's writings on Art still Science, and of estimable service to him later. In 1839 he gained the prize, with his poen, "Salsette Newdigate prize, with his poen. "Salestie and Ele-phanta," which has since been reprinted: that year that he wrote in support and de-Tense of Turner, who eight and sixty years of age, old and alone, slighted and this-understood by the public was being savgely written down he nearly ad the attes, who could reither appreciate his bouties nor excuse his faults. In 1782,

dous, and the violence and bitterness with in common with the Humboldts, Ruskin the training of the buman mind with the affords a striking example of the value of body will ever supersede the appointed wealth to an intellectual career. "Modern God's ways of slow walking and hard 

the Quarterly, his text being Lord Lind-bay's "History of Christian Art." Two years later-having been brought, during his preparation of "Modern Painters," to turn his attention to the Queen of Arts-he published his "Seven Lamps of Architectore," in which he sets forth the theory bow in a nation's dominant style of archi-tecture may be seen reflected its life and manners, and even its passions and its re-ligion. Following on the lines thus laid thown, Ruskin proceeded, in "Stones of Venice," basied in ISI and ISI, to tell the history of the rise and fall of Venice, as illustrated by her buildings, and to show how the processity and state. how the prosperity and art of a nation are synchronous and interpendent, and now the purity of national art and of the national conscience and morals act and feact each

It was at this time, while Ruskin was astonishing the world with his originality and starting it with his eager sincerity that the society then termed and since known as the "Pre-Raphaelite Brothertood" sprang into being. A brilliant band of youthful enthusiasts-comprising John Everett Millais, W. Holman Hunt, W. M. Rossetti, Frederick G. Stephens, James Collinson, Thomas Woolner and Dante Gabriel Rossetti-combined with the avowed object of founding a school of painting of which absolute truth to nature pecially in respect to detail, was to be the fundamental principle.

In 1890 Ruskin, who had by this time be-come a power in the land, threw himself into a new crusade. Truth, purity of mokive and honesty of execution, which he had long and so fervently preached as essenols not only to the highest, but to all share art, he now came to consider in relation to social science, and he began a which he contributed to the Cornhill Mag-nrine. • • They waged war-with all the hitterness and all the torrentnous clo-quence of a prophet of old-ugainst the whole world of commerce and its methods. and assailed the stronghold of the political economists. His principles and blews were rejected with anger and contempt by the commercial commun-ity. So strongly, indeed, did they resent bis Utopian philosophy that the editor (who time was Thuckeray), fearful for the fate of his magazine, put a summary stoppage to their further issue. It was, swever, one of the crowning and closing ories of Ruskin's life-at once his delight and consolation—that in more recent times thinkers have come to accept many of his theories and contentions, once sparned or rejected, and the public to receive them as

In 1865 and 1866 appeared "Sesame and Lilies' and "Crown of Wild Olive," the most popular of Ruskin's books in Eng-land and America alike (if sales may be taken as a criterion, and perhaps, his masterpieces of prose writing. Ruskin's ous periodical, "Fors Clavigera" ("F one, the Ciub-bearer"), was begun in 1871 and for eight years was devoted to the exposition of its author's views upon every thing in general. It was in its pages that be announced his intention of founding the "St. George's Gulld," a practical attempt to start and carry on a land-owning society conducted on the principles which he would have all landowners to adopt. On this inetitution he at once settled \$7,000, and a London freehold of the value of (3,300 more and of all this Mies Octavia Hill was ap-

pointed managress.
In this same "Fars," on July 2, 1877, appeared the author's famous criticism of Mr. Whistler and his pictures, then being exhibited at the Grosvernor Gallery. The trial has even new become a classic. Ruskin-who was at the three confined to Brantwood with his first attack of serious filness was unable to defend himself with his own testiony, and was made to pay his prosecutor ne farthing for the care privilege of saying what he thought of him. "I am blamed by my prudent acquaintances for being joo

personal, but truly I find vaguely objurgafory language generally a mere form of what Plato calls 'shadow-fight.'" The result was the beginning of the four-

dation of the "Ruskin Societies of the Rose," in 1887, in London, Manchester, Sheffield, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Birmingham and other centers bodies now collectively known as "The Raskin Society." These societies are all of them in active existence. 'On saturday, the 20th of January, 1900, he passed into the brightness of that day whose herald he has been, and his many books alone shall henceforth speak for him. He saw the light and caught the sounds from beyond our ken."

Ruskin was, indeed, a rigorous critic of his own work, and cut to pieces "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," Painters," "Stones of Venice," and Elements of Draw-ine," when preparing second editions. Mostly matters of any consequence are three sided, or four sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people in any way stiff in their opin-

"I am quite horrified to see what a lot of books I've written, and how cruel I've been to myself and everybody else whoever has

It was in his quality of author that Bassin ran atilt at the book-selling trade, and suffered not a little in pocket from their etaliation. He objected to the whole system of "discount" as it had already then descenerated. The trade, not unnaturally, erhaps, retorted with a very effectual boy and Mr. Ruskin had to distribute his books to the public direct from his own apecial and private publisher. • More lately a compromise was effected with the shops; but, curiously enough, the trade boyoft seems to have been taken up by the maintained rigorous silence in respect to

Mr. Ruskin's newly-published works.

The extensive Bible-rending and Biblearning, forced upon him when a child, laid the foundation for pure and vigorous Eng-lish, and encouraged his later admiration or the manner of Doctor Johnson. " Byron and Wadsworth ne studied carefull?. "Even Shakespeare's Venice was visionry, and Fortia as impossible as Miranda, tat Byron told me of and reanimated for the real people whose feet had worn its marble I trod on." . Cariyle, ils friend and admiter, gave the final turn originality of expression and that office directness and amazent regredace the declared to Mr. Froude that many of

In respect to his theories of art, his feach hirs, and execution, Ruskin entertained views which were not shared by the muority of the greatest painters of his day even of most of his most intimate friends and admirers. Such, for example, was the by that all sandows should be painted de a dictum which most of the lumin-of later days, the very "polar contracies" of Ruskin, have widely adopted, though not, perhaps, to the full extent, Mr. Goodall, R. A., told me once of the surtoodath, R. A., told me once of the sur-trise of Madame Rosa Bonbeur when Rus-kin had down this proposition to her with all the firmness of conviction, and strong-by maintained through their crisp little dis-cursion that thus should all her shadows are long that thus should all her shadows phanta." which has since been reprinted: cursion that thus should all her shadows and he graduated D. A. in 1812. It was in the painted. "Mals out, m'a-t-il blen dit." sald she in repeating the conversation. "rouge et bieu"; and she further declared tila' she was convinced that his views on persuaded to observe Lent. Now, this was this matter, as well as on his artistic work generally, were governed by a physical pecultarity of his retina, and that he pos-ressed besides the microscopic eye of a bird: "If voic presisement comme un obseau."

panded this explosion. "penned in the height of black anger," into what is known as the first volume of "Modern Painters! By a Graduate of Oxford." This, without of work, but wrote a private note expressing the logic than the control event of Ruskin's life, eventful and contentious as it has ever to their friendship, and how the artist respectively. The story is still recounted with a chuckle The sensation which the book created in princh Ruskin's head, but hoped that would in no way disturb their pleasant and cordons and the vision was tremendous and the vision was tremended.

From the beginning to the end his motto which the unknown author was attacked was 'all great art is praise", and this he by the critics were drowned only by the followed believely, with the thesis that "the rapturous sterm of appliance that armse teaching of all

with enthusiasm the brilliance and fire of his writing, and the force and genlus of his powerful reasoning. Four more volumes completed the work, but the last was not published until 1880-after hearly twenty years of laborious preparation, passed in increasant study and travelling, mainly in the first study and travelling mainly in the first study and travelling. The first study and travelling mainly in the first study and travelling mainly

working."
Laying down primarily that little chil-dren should be taught or shown nothing that is sad and nothing that is ugly, h-protested with all his vigor against the blind Three R's system. And he further set his face against what he believed was the latter-day tendency of scientific or eco-nomic study, "that their fathers were apes and their mothers winkles; that the world began in accelent, and will end in darkness; that honor is a folly, ambliton a virtue, charity a vice, poverty a crime, and cas-cality the means of all wealth and the sum of all wisdom "

## MACDONALD, THE

From Collier's Weekly GENERAL HECTOR MACDONALD, who has been mentioned as the probable successor of Lord Methuen in South Africa, is one of the few eminent soldiers of the British army who have risen from the ranks. His face is that of the typical Highlander with high cheek bones, a hard set chin and straight, fearless eyes. From the day that he walked into Glasgow barefooted and killed until the battle of Majuba, when he was taken prisoner, his record was one straight series of successes won by personal bravery and indomitable pluck. The disaster of Majuba left a lasting im-

HIGHLANDER.

pression on him. Bernet Burleigh holds that Lord Kitchener's achievements in the Soudan were only made possible grind of work accomplished by Macdonald

'making riflemen from mud."
In spite of the warm liking he inspires in those above and under him, some of his dusky Soudanese once mutinied against him. His regiment had to make long forced marches under the flerce desert sun, and the conditions were so hard that the men be-came mutinous. One day Macdonald overheard two or three of the native soldiers saying, "Wait this the next fight, and I will take care that this slave-driver of a Colonel does not come out alive. I myself will shoot aim." Macdonald at once called a half and His principles and sternly ordered the culprits to step out from the ranks. Facing them, he cried: "Now, you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do it now? Here I am, shoot me-if you

> The rebels grounded their arms in sullen "Why don't you shoot?" asked their

> "Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not," and that rejuctant answer over half-savage soldiers. There was no more grumbling, and the same men, and others like them, followed him devotedly through the buttles of Gemaizab, Toski, Alasit, Ferkeh, Atbara and Omdurman.

### CHAUNCEY DEPEWS STATION.

From Collier's Weekly. HERE is a story on Senator Depew told by his anecdotal alter ego, Joseph H. Choate: At a recent diplomatic dinner in London, Mr. Choate sat next to a distinguished English nobleman, who, during the course of conversation, had occusion to in-

"And to what station in your country, Mr. Choste, does your Mr. Chauncey M. Depew belong?"
"To the Grand Central Station, my Lord,"

readily replied the diplomat, without a The Englishman's face clouded for a mo

ment with uncertainty.
"I'm afraid you don't know what I mean," added Mr. Choate, about to go to his rescue. But his neighbor quickly smiled a glad smile of intelligence.

"Ah! I see, I see, Mr. Choate?" he exclaimed. "Mr. Depew belongs to your grand great middle class,"

## THE FOLKS WE USED TO KNOW.

Did you ever notice somehow, As the years go slidin' past, That you git to lookin' back'and Serier wishful to'rds the last An' how them 'at's now your neighbor bon't stand a ghost o' show

When you go comparin' of 'em. To the folks you used to know? It 'pears we fist can't recoilect The fracases we've had. Nur forty-leven other things That made us fightin' mod. But we've salted down the good 'un, An', no matter where we go, here's none can "hold a candle To the folks we used to know.

I mind when I was livin' Out there on Cedar Crick-There wa'n't no better neighborhoodf any one tuck sick They'd come from all d'rections. wade through rain or snow, e how you was comin' on -

The folks we used to know An' the vittels that they'd fetch you! Why, 'twould fairly make you laf. You'd been deader nur a mackerel If you'd only et the half. Put me in mind of fair time I'r some pervishun show,

To see 'em packin' in the truck-

The folks we used to know.

My stars' but they was sessiable. Out there on the old State road, An' used to go a-visitin' Jist by the wagon-load They'd grin, shake hands, "How'dy," An', as plain as preachin', show

They was tickled most to pieces-The folks we used to know. They'd feed you on fried chicken, The best 't was in the shop; An' they'd pile your plate with vittels, An' I vum! they wouldn't stop Till they'd made you feel most speakin' To see it loaded so, Then say: 'Take holt an' help your self' The folks we used to know.

"We ain't no quality," they'd say, "We're only common folks."
An then all hands would snicker, we'd fail to crackin' jokes, An afore we hardly know'd it, Why, it was time to go, An' we'd say "Good-by, come over."

To the folks we used to know Where air they all, I wonder-All these happy, eld-time folks. That made this life worth livin' With their friendship and their jokes? Well, I'll ask for nothing better,

When it comes my time to go. Than a ticket that will take me To the folks we used to know.

Alice D. O. Greenwood in Leslie's Weekly.

## THE KING'S COCK CROWER.

rom the London Queen. 1N the good old times there was an English reason, as you shell see, was that the barn-door variety cannot be depended upon for times and hours, and he has never been a pious custom and a religious duty. All through Lent the King's Cock Crower crowed instead of calling, the hours of the night in the polace. He began on Ash Wednesday, when he entered the half in which the King's supper was served, and then crowed the hour in the presence of the royal party. The meaning of the custom is obvious; it was only one of the many ways In which the history of the Christian religion was brought home to the minds of people before the reading of the Gospel in the vernacular. The office was continued

## MACAULAY THE WIT.

From Collier's Weekly, DURING the time when Lord Disraeli was starting soher Englishmen by his eccentricities of dress, Lord Macaulay, that was to be, was electrifying his dull-witted constituents by his witty sallies and reparter.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS. Where was the battle of Sisera and Barak

Mount Taber (Judges iv, 13-15).

Where was a monument erected to com-aemorate the destruction of the Phillis-

Between Mizpeh and Shen (I Samuel vil.

Where was King Josiah killed in battle? At Megidde (H Kings xxiii, 29).

Where was a great revival of religion that lasted fourteen days? At Jerusalem, under Hezekiah (II Chronteles xxx).

Where was Jeremiah put in prison? At Jerusalem (Jeremiah xxxvii, 12-16).

Where were three Hebrews thrown into fiery furnace? Near Babylon (Dan. 10, 19-20). Where are we told that every man should

Deuteronomy xvl, 17. Where was the home of the spostle on ord referred to as "an Israelite in whom

Nathaniel, at Cana of Gaillee (John Where was the home of Dorcas and Simon

Where was the home of Cornelius?

Where and by whom was the brazen serpent destroyed? At Jerusalem, by Hezekinh (II Kings

Aviil, 4).

Where do you find one of the most won derful of promises? Josh. 1, 8, 9). Where do you read: "Fear thou not, for

Isaiah xli, 10.

Where do you find: "Come unto me"? Mathew xt, 28, Where is God's promise to the tempted?

Where do we read: "All things work to gether for good Romans vill. 28. Where is the crown promise?

Revelations !!, 10. Where is the power promise? Acts 1, 8.

Where do you find these words: "Hold fast to that which is good"?

I Thessalonians v. 21.

Where is it recorded: "The just shall live Habakkuk II. 4. Where have we the guide to heaven h

John v. 39. ANTONIO MACEO'S SKULL. From the Lancet. THE Revista de Medicina y Cirugia of Ha-yana publishes an "anthropological study." by Doctor Montalvo, Doctor de la Torre and Doctor Montane, of the skull of the Cuban patriot, Antonio Macco. The most noteworby point is the existence of an interparie tal, or, as it is sometimes termed, an 'inca' bone, from the theory that it was universal among, and distinctive of, the old Peruvian among, and distinctive of, the old Peruvian race. This, however, was shown by Anoutchine to be erroncous, for after examining many thousands of skulls in various masseums he found the bone in only 6.8 per ent in Peruvian, in 1.5 per cent in negree cent in Peruvian, in 1.3 per cent in negroes and in 1.3 per cent in Americans, Maceo was, of course, of mixed race. The general character of the cranium approximates to that of the white race and indicates a man of remarkable capacity. The rest of the skeleton inclines more to the negro type and shows that he must have been a man of herculean strength,

# CLASSICS.

THE YEARS. "ATHWART, the stience of our dreams, Their memories fall like fitful gleams From some dim flickering star That hangs afar. And then the present's glare and fret. Shat swiftly in between, but yet

1114 in its transfert skies.

The tireless eyes if endless years look, nor forget. After Katherine Fallows in Ainslee's Magazine.

## BERLIN'S DISPUTE

Whatever can be known of the heart of WITH THE EMPRESS. From the Literary Digest.

AN interesting contention has been in prog-Let us respect gray hairs ,but, above all, ress recently in Berlin between the Queen and the magistrates of that metropolis According to the Evargel Kirchenzettung of The unspoken word never does harm .that city, it is well known that the Empress of Germany has taken great interest It is the sin which we have not committed in the erection of new churches in Berlin, and that she has been ably seconded by the master of her court, Count von Mir-bath. She has not only contributed liberally from her own purse for this purpose and procured turns subscriptions from other sources but has also asked that the city of Berlin as a corporation grant a good-sized appropriation for this purpose. This re-Eminent station makes great men more quest was made on the basis of an old law dating back to 1573, according to which the cities of Prueis are obligated to aid in the They that stand high have many blasts erection of churches. The City Council has protested against the appeal, and has be seconded by the Supreme Court of the Em-pire, which has declared this law to be no longer in force. The church authorities and the Empires then proposed a com-Be willing to pity the misery of the stranger! Then givest to-day thy bread to the poor; to-morrow the poor may give it promise, namely, that the City Council should give a grant of several million marks, and then all claims on the ground of the old law would be dropped. This, too, the city refused to do, and in the debate on mere view of the good of their country, whatever they may pretend.-Franklin. the subject one member. Dr. Preuss, a privatdocent in the university, caricatured the Scriptures in a most offensive way, as also some of the favorite hymns of the Protestant Church. The fact that Dr. Preuss is a Jew aggravated his offense in the eyes of the church people, and this travesty was sharply criticised by other

The tongue is more easily controlled than the features of the face; and though the heart may be secret, the face is transparnembers of the council, It was thought that matters would rest at this, but when the Queen's hirthday came, shortly after, the city officials, as usual, sent tileir congratulations. The Queen, however, did not respond as usual, by sending her thanks, but through Count There is no heroic poem in the world but s at bottom a biography—the life of a man. von Mirbach sent the city fathers a sharp lecture on the failure to do their duty, and drew special attention to the conduct of Dr. Preuss. In this communication her Majesty expresses her deep regret that the City Council had not complied with the wishes of herself and the church authori-ties, and declared that such actions were in offense to the feelings of Christians. While this document was being read, not only the Social Democrats but also some epresentatives of the Liberal party refused arise from their seats, as is done when a communication from the royal family is presented, and sharp maximurings were

Occupation is the armor of the soul-Hill has nothing to do with the erection of hurches. The quarrel between the Queen and the city fathers has aroused a widespread in-The manner of your speaking is full as erest, especially as it is the first time that The devil tempts us not: 'tis we tempt she has taken any independent part in pubaim, be koning his skill with opportunity. lic affairs.

heard when the reading was completed, and the memeles declared that the city as such

## AN ECCENTRIC LORD'S WILL.

realing, he considers himself an honest Proma Lendon Letter. THE late Marquis of Queensberry in his will left some extraordinary orders as to his burial, which were not carried out in their entirety. The will, which was lodged The object of cratury alone is not truth, in Edinburgh, stated: Authors from whom others steal should

"At my death I wish to be cremated and not complain, but rejolce. Where there is no game there are no pouchers.—Marie Ebnothing. 'Earth to earth, askes to askes,' her-Eschenbach. I have loved.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the "I particularly request that no Christian health of the body, the peace of the city, the sanctity of the State. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of mammeries or tomfooleries be performed over my grave, but that I be buried as a secularist and agnostic. If it will comfort any one, there are plenty of those of my Patience alleviates, us imputience augown friends who would come to say a fee ments, pain; thus persons of strong will suffer less than those who give to irritawords of common sense. "Over the spot where my ashes may lie

place no monument or stone. It is not nec-essary or required nor is a procession, as The true sadness is but in the pain of the the arbes can be carried in one person's

parting; it is in the when and the how you hand, are to meet again with the face about to "I c "I can be buried in any place where the

## sun shall gild each rising morn." THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY

Edgar Fawcett in Collier's Weekly. THE Marquis of Queensberry, who has just died here in London at the age of 56, mal-such have divorced him, and with one of his sons, Lord Drumhurig, he flercely quarreled. Born in the purple of family dis-tinction, with a father who had long represented Dumfriesshire in Parliament and al-Take the humbug out of this world, and so served as Comptroller of the Royal ou haven't much left to do business with. Household, a high and honored career was open to him. But he chose the society of prize fighters and became, on this account and because of his irascible and inclement manners, one of the most disliked peers in England. He was an agnostic, and hence held opinions of an exceptional kind on matters religious. But he falled to invest them either with dignity or prudence, and therefore made enemies at every turn. In is the great victim of darkness. Sacrifice to it thy gold, and thy blood which is more than thy gold, and thy blood which is more than the gold, and the loss which is those who falled to agree with their views. more than thy blood, and thy love which is hard Queensberry passed his days commore than thy thought. Sucrifice to it evtest. He endeavored to force his tions down the throats of his fellows, and we all know the lamentable effect of such aggressive process, in 1882, when Mrs. Bernard Beere produced "The promise of it except evil. Alas! It suffers so much, and it knows bothing. Correct R, warm it, in-May" at the Globe Theater in London, he was turned out of doors for uttering loudly indignant protests. A certain character in Tennyson's drama displeased him be virtue, proidity, generosity, mercy.-Victor moral light, and he made the sadiy foolish attempt to lecture an audience on what struck him as a playwriter's unjust por-trayal. In most civilized lands, where newspapers and not orchestra stalls are provided for the expression of critical minions, this mode of dissension is regarded as an affair for police interference. And so Lord Queensberry was ejected from the Globe, and because of similar passionate and ill-timed imprudences he departs from a much larger globe with few if any amical

> "RUNNING" IN KENTUCKY. From Collier's Weekly. KENTUCKY seems to be in a pretty lively state just now," remarked the constant reader to his literary friend.

"It is," answered the war correspondent just returned from the front at Frankfort n I was there every man I met was either runing for office or for his life."

NAPOLEON AS A PRISONER. ONE of the "Taiks with Napoleon" quoted from Doctor O'Meara's diary in the Cen-tury records Napoleon's indignation at being, as he considered it, spied upon, while

the world something that really thrilled it and that has roused a genuine and en-during admiration. His extraordinary force iving at St. Helena. "I understand," said he, "that an officer is placed here to report about me, and to see me two or three times in the twenty-four hours, and that they were talking of making him go into my chamber to see m if I did not come out. Any person," said he then, with considerable agitation, "who endeavors to force his way into my apartment will be a corpse the moment he en-ters it. If he ever eats bread or meat afterward I am not Napoleon. This I am de termined on. I know that I will be killed afterward, as what can one do against a camp? But what of that? I have faced vinced that this Governor, this chief of jailers, has been sent out on purpose to poison me, or put me to death some way or if Mr. Kipling is to be remembered, it will be by his Jungle Books and his short stories another, or under some pretext, by Lord Castlereagh. I have seen," continued he, "Russians, Prussians, Arabs, Cossacks, Tartars, Spaniards, Persians, Turks" (here called so, he is obviously ill at ease and does not attain to the artistic completeness that marks his shorter stories. In like manner he enumerated a great many more, "and never in my life before did I behold so ill-favored and forbidding a countenance, or so down and horrid a look. He carries crime imprinted on his countenance. (Il porte le crime empreint sur son visage.) He is a man, to judge from his physiognomy, that one would select for the committal of any atrocious crime, and as such has been selected out by your ministers, I suppose, on

purpose to make away with me,"

## HISTORY OF WIGS.

They Are Important Features in an Actor's Make-Up.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. A statement emanating from some one originally introduced by the early mummers, who gave "little shows and dramus for the edification of big and little men and women." Nothing could be more erroneons. The first wig mentioned in history was made out of a goat's skin, and was worn by the daughter of Saul, King of Israel. So it is easily to be seen that wigs had an early start. Of course, wigs quickly found their way into the eart of Thespis, and since the birth of the drama have been adjuncts to every actor's ward-

Wigs were never so much worn as in the early centuries. It is related that the Phoenician women, who were very proud of their hair, having been ordered by their priests to offer it up on the altars dedi-cated to Venus after the death of Adonis. ebeyed, but with murmuring. Soon were consoled by a Greek merchant, told them that he would give them the means of hiding their bald pates under luxuriant curls. In his chariot he had hun

dreds of wigs of all colors.

The frequenter of the theater, seeing his favorites eleverly disguised under fully-made wigs, might think that wigs were better made at the present time than ever in their history. This, however, is hard to believe, for toward the end of the Roman Republic wigs were made so that Ovid said: "No man could know if his wife had any hair at all before she gave him an opportunity of setting her by the tresses." Still the making of wigs cannot for a moment be considered a lost art. A visit to almost any theater will disprove that.

The number of wigs that are worn by the men and women of the stage would greatly surprise must people. It is undoubtedly true, however, that the actor of the old school was compelled to possess many more wirs than the actor of to-day. This was because there were no such things as long runs in the old days, and, consequently, there were frequent changes of bill. The old actor, if he was a low comedian, had to have the necessary costumes and wigs for the low comedy characters in all of the standard plays. In the course of time he necessarily accumulated a very large

store of wigs.
It is said of William H. Crane that he has the largest stock of wigs of any actor in this country. For over thirty years he has been adding to it, and he has many hundreds of them carefully stored away in his home in Cohasset. To go through the two large rooms in which these wigs are kept is very interesting. No two of them are exactly alike, and many are marvelously well made. Crane has been on the stage since he was 17 years old, has played parts innumerable, and in all of his career has had but two characters in which he did not find it necessary to wear a wig. The first of these was Hannibal Rivers in "The Senator," and the second was the Chief Executive in "The Governor of Kentucky." The actor says that when he first

played "The Senator" he would find him-self nervously putting his hand to his head. feeling that something was missing. His feelings were very much like those of the man who finds himself in company and then discovers that he is not fully dressed. It might be imagined that with such t large stock of wigs on hand, the necessity

of ever buying a new one would not arise Still, the necessity comes, the actor says, every time he puts on a new play. A short time ago he ran down from Boston to his summer home to see if he could not find a wig for "David Harum." He found a number that could be made to do, but none which were exactly right, one being too bald, another not bald enough, another of the wrong shade, and so on, Mr. Crane sees that great care is taken of his wigs. he removes the wig he wears in "A Man's Son" his valet places it on a block and in the morning it receives as much attention as a barber gives the head of his most respected patron. Good wigs, like al good things, are expensive, but being good are the cheapest in the end. Where the hair comes from that is placed in stage wigs is not known, at least, no one who wears them cares to ask. A great deal of the balr is known to come from Germany Mr. Crane was asked the other day how necessary a good make-up was to an a "A man should strive," replied the actor. to look the type of man he is portraying. Most types have dominating peculiaritie

and these he must copy. A good make-up, which shows at once the type the man the actor is depicting, is very essential I have, and no doubt you have, seen an actor make-up magnificently a part and then play it wretchedly. On the other hand, I have seen an actor in a character role who did not look anything like the type he was portraying. His make-up was very bad, He was not on the stage ten minutes, however, before he compelled you to forge this fact by the sincerity and absolut merit of his work. You see by this that a good make-up is not of paramo portance, but, us I said before, it is very esential, no matter how good the actor may be."

## SILK STOCKINGS OUT OF PLACE.

From the Atlanta Journal. BECAUSE a lady had on a pair of stock ings, that were not only silk stockings, but had incework stripes in them, with dashes of red and yellow stitchings-in short, a pair of as pretty and attractive silk stockings as one could wish to see, a portion of the performance of Viola Allen's "Christian" was nearly ruined from an arristic standpoint and the stage mob came near evoluting into a real mob for vengeance on the stage manager.

It was during the Friday night perform ance. The lady in question was a super, With twenty others, she formed the At-lanta contingent to the frantic rabble which stormed John Storm's church in the

All the lady supers had been ordered to appear at the performance with the oldest procure. This particular super came ac ording to orders in every other respect She wore the silk stockings with the lace

It was dark on the stage behind the wenes, and the fact that her stockings did et exactly match the gown and hat she were escaped notice when the stage manager inspected the mob. She was allowed to go on in the most disreputable looking dress ever seen on the stage of the Grand, and in, perhaps, the prettiest pair of stockfull view of the audience n half view, for her dress reached just be-

features of the well-drilled mob to a cerain portion of the audience. They mensely appreciated. They were voted capital adjunct to a mob by nearly all of the audience. The reason they were not appreciated by the entire audience is that he entire audience did not observe them. The stage manager saw them. When the nob came off the stage he was mad. He called the lady down in great shape. She replied hotly, and in a minute there was a big quarrel in progress. Her friends in the mob took her side of the issue, and, for awhile, it looked as if the ragged mob would strike and refuse to go on again. Matters were finally adjusted, however off the stage for that night. When she came for the matinee performance she them, as ordered by the stage manager.

RHYMES OF THE MONTHS. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN-born January-snowy.

February-flowy April-showery. May-flowery ine-bowery. July-moppy. August eror .y. September ... oppy. October - breezy. November-wheezy. December-freezy.



Custer's Last Charge. unfamiliar with the subject went the Dead! Is it possible? He, the bold rider, rounds recently to the effect that wigs were custer, our here, the first in the fight, harming the builets of yore to fly wider. ar from our battle-king's ringlets of light!

bend, our young chieftain, and dead, all forsaken! No one to tell us the way of his fall! Slain in the desert, and never to waken, Never, not even to victory's call!

Proud for his fame that last day that he All the night long he had been on their Scorning their traps and the men that had set them. Wild for a charge that should never give back. There on the hilltop he halted and saw

Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe Told of his coming before he was nigh. All the wide valley was full of their forces, Gathered to cover the ledges' retreat!-Warriors running in haste to their hors Thousands of enemies close to his feet

Lodges all loosened and ready to fly;

Down in the valleys the ages had hallowed. There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a nier. Numbers! What recked be? What recked those who followed— Men who had fought ten to one ere that

Out swent the squadrons, the fated three bundred. Into the battle-line, steady and full; Then down the hillside exultingly thundered into the horder of the old Sitting Bull! Wild Oggialish, Arapaboe, Cheyenne,

Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of the Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion-Then closed around, the grim horde of

wild Stoux! Right to their center he charged, and then facing-Hark to those yells! and around them, O

Over the hiltons the Indians come racing Coming as fast as the waves of the seal Red was the circle of fire about them; No hope of victory, no ray of light Shot through that terrible black cloud about

Brooding in death over Custer's last fight. Then did he blanch. Did he die like a cra-Begging those torturing flends for his life? Was there a soldier who carried the Seven

Fitnehed like a coward or fled from the strife? No. by the blood of our Custer, no qualling! There in the midst of the Indians they ciose. Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assail-

Fighting like tigers, all 'bayed amid foest Thicker and thicker the builets came sing-Down go the horses and riders and ell: swiftly the warriors around them were ringing.
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall. See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie.

Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane: Quivering lances with pennons so airy. War-painted worriors charging smain. Backward, again and egain, they were driven. Shrinking to close with the lost little

Bowed till its wearer was dead on the strand. Closer and closer the death circle growing. Ever the leader's voice, clarion clear, Rang out the words of encouragement glowing. "We can die but once, boys-we'll sell our

Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven

Dearly they sold them like Bernerkers raning. Facing the death that encircle Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance as-

Marking their tracks by their dead on the Comrades, our children shall yet tell the story. Custer's last charge on the old Sitting And ages shall swear that the cup of his

Needed but that death to render it full. -Frederick Whittaker

The Time I've Lost In Wooing. The time I've lost in wooing, In watching and pursuing The light that lies In woman's eyes Has been my heart's undoing. I scorned the lore she taught me. My only books And folly's all they've taught me

Her smile when beauty granted. Like him the sprite. Whom maids by night Oft meet in gien that's haunted Like him, too, beauty won me. But while her eyes were on me.

Oh! winds could not outrun me. And are these follies going? And is my proud heart growing Too cold or wise For brilliant eyes Again to set it glowing No. vain, alas! the endeaver From bonds so sweet to severs

Poor Wisdom's chance

Against a gland

Is now as weak as ever. Rain on the Roof. When the humid shadows hover Over all the starry spheres,

What a joy to press the pillow Of a cottage-chamber bed, Of the soft rain overhead! Every tinkle on the shingles Has an echo in my heart. And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy being start; And a thousand recolle

Gently weeps in rainy tears.

As I listen to the patter Of the rain upon the roof. Now in memory comes my mother As she used in years agone, To survey her darling dreamers she left them till the dawn; Oh! I see her leaning o'er me,

As I list to this refrain on the shingles By the patter of the rain. Then my little scraph sister With her wings and waving hair, and her bright-eyed cherub brother— A serene, angelio pair!-

Glide around my wakeful pillow, With their praise of mild reproof, As I listen to the murmur And another comes to thrill me With her eyes' delicious blue;

And forget I, gazing on her, That her heart was all un I remembered that I loved her As I ne'er may love again, To the patter of the rain. Art both nought of tone or cadence

That can work with such a spell in the soul's mysterious fountains, Where the holy passions swell. As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles By the patter of the rain. -Coates Kinney. !